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THE Unhappy HUNTING, OF *CHEVY-CHASE.*

1478 c 32

Between Earl *Douglas* of *Scotland*, and Earl *Percy* of *England*.

Licenced and entered according to Order, 1770.

The Unhappy Hunting of Chevy-Chaſe.

GOD proſper long our noble king,
our lives and ſafeties all,
A woeful hunting once there did
in Chevy-Chaſe befal.
To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Piercy took his way,
The child may rue that is unborn
the hunting of that day.
The ſtout Earl of Northumberland,
a vow to God did make,
His pleaſure in the Scottiſh woods
three ſummer days to take,
The choiceſt harts in Chevy Chaſe,
to kill and bear away;
Theſe tidings to Earl Douglas came,
in Scotland where he lay
Who ſent Earl Piercy preſent word
he would prevent his ſport.
The Engliſh Earl not fearing this,
did to the woods reſort;
With twenty hundred bow-men bold
all choſen men of might:
Who knew full well in time of need
to aim their ſhafts aright.
The gallant grey-hounds ſwiftly ran,
to chaſe the fallow deer;
On monday they began to hunt,
when day-light did appear:
And long before high-noon they had
an hundred fat bucks ſlain,
Then having din'd the drovers went
to rouſe them up again.
The bow-men muſter'd on the hills,
well able to endure,
Their back-ſides all with ſpecial care
that day were guarded ſure:

The hounds ran ſwiftly through the woods,
the nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
an eccho ſhrill did make.
Lord Piercy to the quarry went,
to view the fallow deer;
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promiſed
this day to meet me here;
But if I thought he would not come,
no longer would I ſtay:
With that a brave young gentleman,
thus to the Earl did ſay.
Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
his men in armour bright,
Full fifteen hundred Scottiſh ſpears,
all marching in our ſight:
All men of pleaſant Tividale,
faſt by the river Tweed;
Then ceaſe your ſport Earl Piercy ſaid,
and take your bows with ſpeed.
And now with me my country-men,
your courage forth advance,
For never was there champion yet,
in Scotland or in France,
That ever did on horſeback come,
but if may hap it were,
I durſt encounter man for man,
with him to break a ſpear.
Lord Douglas on a milk-white ſteed,
moſt like a baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of his company,
whoſe armour ſhone like gold:
Shew me, ſaid he, whoſe men you be,
that hunt ſo boldly here,
That without my conſent do chaſe,
and kill my fallow deer?

The man firſt did anſwer make,
was noble Piercy, he,
Who ſaid, we liſt not to declare,
nor ſhew whoſe men we be;
Yet will we ſpend our deareſt blood,
the chiceſt harts to ſlay,
Then Douglas ſwore a ſolemn oath,
and thus in rage did ſay.
E'er thus I will out-braved be,
one of us two ſhall die,
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord Piercy, ſo am I:
But truſt me Piercy, pity 'twere,
and great offence to kill
Any of theſe our harmleſs men,
for they have done no ill.
Let you and I the battle try,
and ſet our men aſide,
Accurſt be he, Lord Piercy ſaid,
by whom this is deny'd.
Then ſtept a gallant 'ſquire forth,
Whitherington was his name,
Who ſaid, I would not have it told,
to Henry our king for ſhame.
That e'er my captain fought on foot,
and I ſtood looking on,
You be two Lords, ſaid Whitherington,
and I a ſquire alone,
I'll do the beſt that I may,
while I have power to ſtand,
While I have power to wield my ſword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.
Our Scottiſh archers bent their bows,
their hearts were good and true,
At the firſt flight of arrows ſent,
fourſcore Engliſh they ſlew:

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent,
A captain mov'd with mickle pride,
the ſpears to ſhivers went.
They clos'd full faſt on ev'ry ſide
no ſlackneſs there was found,
And many a gallant gentleman,
lay gaſping on the ground;
O Chriſt! it was great grief to ſee,
and likewiſe for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
and ſcatter'd here and there.
At laſt thoſe two ſtout Lords did meet,
like captains of great might,
Like lions mov'd they laid on loads,
and made a cruel fight:
They fought until they both did ſweat,
with ſwords of temper'd ſteel,
Until the blood like drops of rain,
they trickling down did feel.
Yeild thee, Lord Piercy, Douglas ſaid,
in faith I will thee bring,
Where thou ſhalt high advanced be,
by James our Scottiſh king;
Thy ranſom I will freely give,
and thus report of thee,
Thou art the moſt courageous knight,
that ever I did ſee.
No Douglas, quoth Earl Piercy then,
thy proffer I do ſcorn,
I will not yeild to any Scot,
that ever yet was born;
With that there came an arrow keen,
out of an Engliſh bow,
Which ſtruck Earl Douglas on the heart,
a deep and deadly blow.

Who never ſpoke more words than theſe,
fight on my merry men all,
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Piercy ſees my fall:
Then leaving life, Lord Piercy took
the dead man by the hand,
And ſaid Earl Douglas for thy life,
would I had loſt my lands.
O Chriſt! my very heart doth bleed,
with ſorrow for thy ſake,
For ſure a more renowned knight,
miſchance ne'er did take:
A knight among the Scots there was,
which ſaw Earl Douglas die,
And in his wrath did vow revenge,
upon the Earl Piercy.
Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
who with a ſpear moſt bright,
Well mounted on a gallant ſteed,
ran fiercely through the fight.
And paſs'd the Engliſh archers all,
without all dread or fear,
And through Earl Piercy's body then,
he thruſt his heatful ſpear.
With ſuch a vehement force and might,
his body he did gore,
The ſpear went through the other ſide,
a large cloth yard and more;
So thus did both thoſe nobles die,
whoſe courage none could ſtain,
An Engliſh archer then perceiv'd,
the noble Lord was ſlain.
He had a bow bent in his hand,
made of a truſty tree,
An arrow of a cloth yard long
up to the dead drew he;

Againſt ſir Hugh Montgomery,
ſo right his ſhaft he ſet,
The grey-goſe wing that was thereon,
in his heart's blood was wet
This fight did laſt from break of day
'till ſetting of the ſun,
For when the evening bell was rung,
the battle ſcarce was done;
With the Lord Piercy there was ſlain,
ſir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff and ſir John,
ſir James a bold baron
And with ſir George, and good ſir James,
both knights of good account,
Good ſir Ralph Rabby there was ſlain,
whoſe proweſs did ſurmount:
For Wheatherington needs muſt I wail,
as one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were ſmitten off,
he fought upon the ſtumps
And with Earl Douglas there was ſlain,
ſir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Currell, that from the field,
one foot would never fly;
Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliff too,
his ſiſter ſon was he,
Sir David Lamb, ſo well eſteem'd
yet could not ſaved be.
And the Lord Maxwell in likewiſe,
did with Earl Douglas die,
Of fifteen hundred Scottiſh ſpears,
went home ſcarce fifty three:
Of twenty hundred Engliſh-men,
ſcarce fifty five did flee;
The reſt were ſlain in Chevy-Chaſe,
under the green wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
their huſbands to bewail,
They waſh'd their wounds in briniſh tears,
but all could not prevail;
Their bodies bathed in purple blood,
they bore with them away,
They kiſs'd them dead a thouſand times,
when they were clad in clay
The news was brought to Edinburgh,
where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas ſuddenly,
was with an arrow ſlain;
Now God be with him, ſaid the king,
ſith 'twill no better be,
I truſt I have within my realm,
five hundred as good as he.
Like tiding to king Henry came,
within as ſhort a ſpace,
That Piercy of Northumberland,
was ſlain in Chevy-Chaſe;
O heavy news, king Henry ſaid,
England can witneſs be,
I have not any captain more,
of ſuch account as he.
Now for the reſt of ſmall account,
did many hundreds die.
Thus ended the hunting of Chevy-Chaſe,
made by the Earl Piercy:
God ſave the king and bleſs the land,
with plenty, joy, and peace.
And grant henceforth that foul debates,
'twixt noble men may ceaſe.

FINIS.